

## The day Cookie Clicker attacked

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# The day Cookie Clicker attacked

by [MiaQc](#)

## Summary

You had a good life.

Friends, a job, a house, a lover.

But everything changed the day Cookie Clicker attacked.

- A translation of [Le jour où Cookie Clicker a attaqué](#) by [MiaQc](#)

You had a good life.

Friends, a job, a house, a lover.

But everything changed the day Cookie Clicker attacked.

The game arrived on your PC by chance, without you having installed it.

You started playing it, just for fun from time to time.

Then you go back to it more and more often.

You play longer and longer.

A voice, seemingly emanating from within the game, begs you to keep producing cookies.

In the Cookie Clicker god's name.

So you stay on Cookie Clicker.

You produce more cookies.

Days go by.

Your friends try to hear from you.

You ignore them.

Making cookies is much more important.

Days go by.

Your boss fires you.

You send him packing.

Making cookies is much more vital.

Weeks go by.

Your lover is worried about you.

You'll break up with them.

Making cookies for the Cookie Clicker god is your mission. Your

reason for living.

To hell with love!

Months go by.

You have made several ascensions and you continue your cookie production.

The voice always encourages you, but it also says strange things.

It talks about the end of the world coming soon.

One day, you receive an email from Orteil, Cookie Clicker's creator.

He begs you to listen to him.

He tells you that a Simulacra has taken hold of you, that you must fight it and stop playing.

That your actions in the game affect the real world.

For example, sometimes cookies fall from the sky.

Money is getting scarce, people barter with cookies.

Food is gradually replaced by cookies.

Orteil also wrote that the next Grandmapocalypse will destroy the world!

You don't know what to make of this.

It's ridiculous!

At the same time, Orteil is the game's creator.

He wouldn't be telling you crap.

Not to you.

Suddenly the voice is heard.

It tells you to ignore this madman.

That the Cookie Clicker's god wants the Grandmapocalypse.

The Cookie Clicker's god is your master.

You must do his will.

You start the Grandmapocalypse.

The voice laughs.

He introduces itself with being a Simulacra.

The Simulacra has succeeded in his mission.

The world's destruction is coming.

And you're the one who set it in motion.

Orteil was right.

And you watch, helpless, as the world ends.

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